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DIANA HEARS

WHAT ABOUT THE SUGAR ROSES ON THE PISTONS, OR AREN'T YOU AS SWEET AS YOU USED TO BE? ... The plot thickens. Here's a flash about Gerald McCall, the Canadian snagged along with an ex-CIAer and another pal in the Customs' Sting operation. (Did you notice? They were nabbed gaily trying to peddle a five-million-dollar diesel-engine assembly line to the Soviets.) Gerald, it turns out, has more than one cog to his camshaft. He owns something called McCalls Wedding Cake Gallery, in Toronto. He and his ex-wife — who heads an Academy of Cake Decor — are, darlings, Superstars of the international Sweet Tooth Set. They baked and trimmed that 5'3" wedding cake shaped like St. Paul's Cathedral for Prince Charles and Lady Di's wedding. (Remember it? All decked out with symbols of the provinces?) And way, way, way back in '48, McCall had even baked the cake for Charlie's own christening party. "I just don't understand him with the Russians," worries a Canadian Chum. "The Royals always seemed *quite* pleased with their cakes." A Philosophical Puzzler, here. Stay tuned.